National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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EVERY-DAY LIFE of Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

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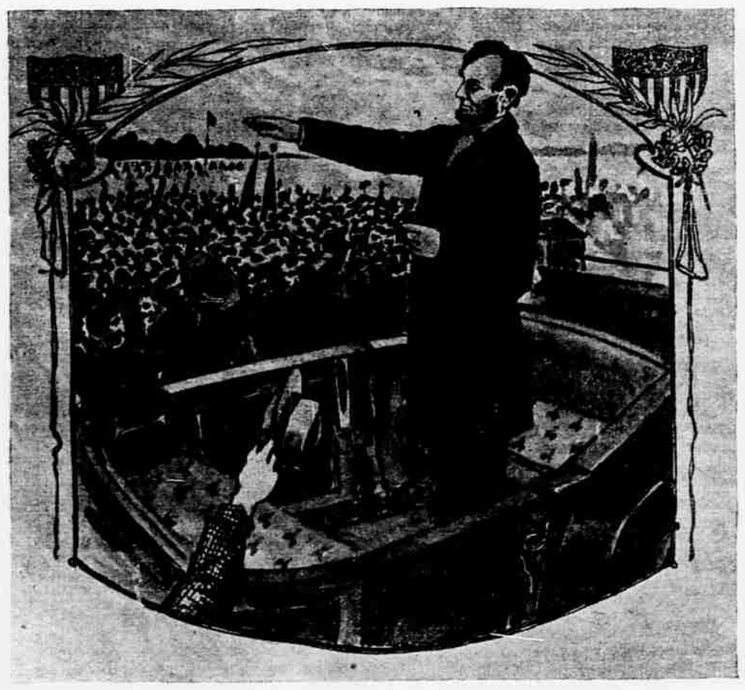
A few days after the battle of Bull Run, Mr. Lincoln made a personal visit to the army in Virginia. Gen. Sherman, at that time connected with the Army of the Potomac, says: "I was near the river-bank, looking at a blockhouse which had been built for the defense of the aqueduct, when I saw a carriage coming by the road that crossed the Potomac River at Georgetown by a ferry. I thought I recognized in the carriage the person of President Lincoln. I hurried across a bend, so as to stand by the road-side as the carriage passed. I was in uniform, with a sword on, and was recognized by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, who rode side by side in an open hack. I inquired if they were going to my camp, and Mr. Lincoln said: 'Yes; we heard that you had got over the big scare, and we thought we would come over and see the boys.' The roads had been much changed and were rough. I asked if I might give directions to his coachman. He promptly invited me to jump in, and to tell the coachman which way to drive. Intending to begin on the right and follow round to the left, I turned the driver into a side-road which led up a very steep hill, and, seeing a soldier, called to him and sent him up hurriedly, to announce to the Colonel that the President was coming. As we slowly ascended the hill, I discovered that Mr. Lincoln was full of feeling, and wanted to encourage our men. I asked if he intended to speak to them, and he said he would like to. I asked him then to please discourage all cheering, noise, or any sort of confusion; that we had had enough of it before Bull Run to ruin any set of men, and that what we needed were cool, thoughtful, hard-fighting soldiers—no more hurrahing, no more humbug. He took my remarks in the most perfect good-nature. Before we had reached the first camp, I heard the drum beating the 'assembly,' saw the men running for their tents, and in a few minutes the regiment was in line, arms presented, and then brought to an order and 'parade rest.' Mr. Lincoln stood up in the carriage, and made one of the neatest, best, and most feeling addresses I ever listened to, referring to our late disaster at Bull Run, the high duties that still devolved on us, and the brighter days yet to come. At one or two points the soldiers began to cheer, but he promptly checked them, saying: 'Don't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself, but Col. Sherman here says that it is not military; and I guess we had better defer to his opinion.' In winding up, he explained that, as President, he was Commander-in-Chief; that he was resolved that the soldiers should have everything that the law allowed; and he called on one and all to appeal to him personally in case they were wronged. The effect of this speech was excellent. We passed along in the same manner to all the camps of my brigade; and Mr. Lincoln complimented me highly for the order, cleanliness, and discipline that he observed. Indeed, he and Mr. Seward, both assured me that it was the first bright moment that they had experienced since the battle."

GOOD ADVICE TO AN ANGRY OFFICER.

"In the crowd at Fort Corcoran," continues Gen. Sherman, "I saw an officer with whom I had had a little difficulty that morning. His face was pale, and lips compressed. I foresaw a scene, but sat on the front seat of the carriage as quiet as a lamb. This officer forced his way through the crowd to the carriage, and said: 'Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Col. Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln, who was still standing, said: 'Threatened to shoot you?' 'Yes, sir, he threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln looked at him, then at me; and stooping his tall, spare form toward the officer, said to him in a loud stage-whisper, easily heard for some yards around: 'Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it.' The officer turned about and disappeared, and the men laughed at him. Soon the carriage drove on, and, as we descended the hill, I explained the facts to the President, who answered: 'Of course I didn't know anything about it, but I thought you knew your own business best.' I thanked him for his confidence, and assured him that what he had done would go far to enable me to maintain good discipline; and it did."

A PECULIAR CABINET MEETING.

"The first time I ever saw Abraham Lincoln," says Rev. Robert Collyer, "was in McVicker's Theater, Chicago, in the Winter of 1859-60, when I was greatly impressed by the signs of power, and a deep brooding, touched with sadness, in his face; and I whispered to a friend, 'Who is that man over there?' and he answered: 'That's Abe Lincoln.' I saw him again in the Summer of 1861, on the steps of the White House, answering very simply and kindly to the marks of respect some soldiers had come to pay him, who stood in deep ranks on the grass, that had been top-dressed with compost enough to cover the whole District of Columbia, as the chairman of the committee that had to pass the account told me. And once, curiously, I saw only his feet. It was in the Summer of the first Bull Run, when some say that we ran, and some say that they ran. And all was quiet on the Potomac; but the Nation was



"MR. LINCOLN STOOD UP IN THE CARRIAGE AND MADE THE MOST FEELING ADDRESS I EVER LISTENED TO."

stamping and champing the bit. And passing the White House one day, I saw three pairs of feet on the sill of an open window; and pausing for a moment, a good-natured fellow said: 'That's the Cabinet a-sittin', and them big feet's old Abe's.' So, lecturing in Boston not long after, I said, like a fool as I was: 'That's about all they are good for in Washington, to point their feet out o' window and talk, but go nowhere and do nothing.' When, indeed, the good President's heart was even then breaking with anxiety and trouble."

DARK DAYS FOR MR. LINCOLN.

The days following the Bull Run disaster were full of depression and discouragement, but Mr. Lincoln bore up bravely. He began to feel the terrible realities of his position, and saw himself brought face to face with the most awful responsibilities that ever rested upon human shoulders. A disrupted Union, the downfall of the great American Republic, so long predicted by envious critics of our institutions, seemed about to be accomplished. At the best, the Union could be saved only by the shedding of seas of priceless blood and the expenditure of untold treasures. And he must act, control, choose, and direct the measures of the Government, and the movements of its vast armies. And what if all should fail? What if the resources of the Government should prove inadequate, and its enemies too powerful to be subdued by force? No wonder he was appalled and well-nigh overwhelmed by the dark prospect before him.

A "BLACK MOOD" IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

"One day," says Mr. Riddle, "I called at the White House to present a distinguished stranger, who had important matters to bring to Mr. Lincoln's notice. It was evening—cold, rainy, and cheerless. The Executive Mansion was gloomy and silent. At Mr. Lincoln's door we were told by the attendant to enter. We found the room quite dark, and seemingly vacant. I advanced a step or two, to determine if anyone were present, and was arrested by a strange apparition, at first not distinguishable; the long, seemingly lifeless, limbs of a man, as if thrown upon a chair and left to sprawl in unseemly disorder. A step further, and the fallen head disclosed the features of the President. I turned back; a word from my companion reached the drooping figure, and a sepulchral voice bade us advance. We came upon a man, in some respects the most remarkable of any time, in the hour of his prostration and weakness—in the depths of that depression to which his inherited melancholy at times reduced him, now perhaps coming to overwhelm him as he thought of the calamities of his country."

NOT "A BED OF ROSES."

An old and intimate friend from Springfield, who visited Mr. Lincoln at this period, found the door of his office at the White House locked; but going through a private room and through a side entrance, he found the President lying on a sofa, evidently greatly disturbed and much excited, manifestly displeased with the outlook. Jumping up from his reclining position, he advanced, saying: "You know better than any man living that from my boyhood up my ambition was to be President. I am President of one part of this divided country at least; but look at me! I wish I had never been born! I've a white elephant on my hands, one hard to manage. With a fire in my front and rear, having to contend with the jealousies of the military commanders, and not receiving that cordial co-operation and support from Congress that could reasonably be expected with an active and formidable enemy in the field threatening the very life-blood of the Government, my position is anything but a bed of roses."

LINCOLN'S UNFALTERING COURAGE.

But in the darkest hours of the Nation's peril, Mr. Lincoln never faltered. Anxious and careworn, his heart bleeding with grief for the losses of our brave soldiers, and harassed by the grave duties constantly demanding his attention, he had but one purpose; to go on unfalteringly and unhesitatingly in his course until the supremacy of the Government was restored in every portion of its territory. Whatever he suffered or feared, no gloomy forebodings or weak repinings came from him.

RELIEF IN STORY-TELLING.

Mr. Lincoln had, however, one important resource in his dark hours, an ever-ready relief for his overcharged emotions. It was his love of story-telling. The habit had been formed in his early years, and now it was his unfailing solace. Hon. Hugh McCullough, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, relates that about a week after the battle of Bull Run he called at the White House, in company with a few friends, and was amazed, when, referring to something which had been said by one of the company about the battle which was so disastrous to the Union forces, the President remarked, in his usual quiet manner, "That reminds me of a story," which he told in a manner so humorous as almost to lead his listeners to believe that he was free from care and apprehension. Mr. McCullough could not then understand how the President could feel like telling a story, when Washington was in danger of being captured, and the whole North was dismayed. He learned his mistake afterwards, however, and perceived that his estimate of Lincoln before his election was well grounded, and that he possessed even higher qualities than he had been given credit for; that he was "a man of sound judgment, great singleness and tenacity of purpose, and extraordinary sagacity; that story-telling was to him a safety-valve, and that he indulged in it, not only for the pleasure it afforded him, but for a temporary relief from oppressing cares; that the habit had been so cultivated that he could make a story illustrate a sentiment and give point to an argument. Many of his stories were as apt and instructive as the best of Æsop's fables."

"NOT TAKING OATS NOW."

The Hon. T. J. Coffey, who was a law-officer of the Government under Mr. Lincoln, relates a story concerning the United States Marshals and their eagerness to get hold of a fund of money that had been appropriated by Congress for their relief in certain suits pending against them. They had previously been petitioning the Government to defend them in these suits; but as soon as they heard of the appropriation, they changed their tactics and clamored for the money. "They remind me," said Mr. Lincoln, when the matter had been brought to his attention, "of the man in Illinois whose cabin was burned down, and, according to the kindly custom of early days in the West, his neighbors all contributed something to start him again. In his case they had been so liberal that he soon found himself better off than before the fire, and he got proud. One day a neighbor brought him a bag of oats, but the fellow refused it with scorn. 'No,' said he, 'I'm not taking oats now. I take nothing but money.'"

A PRETTY GOOD LAND TITLE.

Hon. Lawrence Weldon relates that on one occasion he called upon the President to inquire the probable outcome of a conflict between the civil and military authorities, for the possession of a quantity of cotton in a certain insurrectionary district. As soon as the inquiry had been made, Mr. Lincoln's face began lighting up, and he said: "What has become of our old friend Bob Lewis, of De Witt County? Do you remember a story that Bob used to tell us about his going to Missouri to look up some Mormon lands that belonged to his father? You know that when Robert became of age he found among the papers of his father a number of warrants and patents for lands in northeast Missouri, and he concluded the best thing he could do was to go to Missouri and investigate the condition of things. It being before the days of railroads, he started on horseback, with a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags. When he arrived where he supposed his land was situated, he stopped, hitched his horse, and went into a cabin standing close by the roadside. He found the proprietor, a lean, lank, leathery-looking man, engaged in the pioneer business of making bullets preparatory to a hunt. Mr. Lewis observed, on entering, a rifle suspended in a couple of buck horns above the fire. He said to the man, 'I am looking up some lands that I think belong to my father,' and inquired of the man in what section he lived. Without having ascertained the section, Mr. Lewis proceeded to exhibit his title papers in evidence, and, having established a good title, as he thought, said to the man: 'Now, that is my title. What is yours?' The pioneer, who had by this time become somewhat interested in the proceedings, pointed his long finger toward the rifle. Said he: 'Young man, do you see that gun?' Mr. Lewis frankly admitted that he did. 'Well,' said he, 'that is my title, and if you don't get out of here pretty —— quick, you will feel the force of it.' Mr. Lewis very hurriedly put his title papers in his saddle-bags, mounted his pony and galloped down the road, and, as Bob says, the old pioneer snapped his gun twice at him before he could turn the corner. Lewis said that he had never been back to disturb that man's title since.

"'Now,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'the military authorities have the same title against the civil authorities that closed out Bob's Mormon title in Missouri.'" Judge Weldon says that, after this anecdote, he understood what would be the policy of the Government in the matter referred to as well as though a proclamation had been issued.

MEASURING BACKS WITH CHARLES SUMNER.

It is related that Charles Sumner, who was a tall man, and proud of his hight, once worried the President about some perplexing matter, when Mr. Lincoln sought to change the subject by abruptly challenging Sumner to measure backs. "Sumner," said Mr. Lincoln, "declined to stand up with me, back to back, to see which was the tallest man, and made a fine speech about this being the time for uniting our fronts against the enemy, and not our backs. But I guess he was afraid to measure, though he is a good piece of a man. I have never had much to do with Bishops where I live, but, do you know, Sumner is my idea of a Bishop."

GEN. SCOTT "UNABLE AS A POLITICIAN."

A good story of President Lincoln and Gen. Scott is reported by Maj.-Gen. Keyes, who at the beginning of the war was on the staff of Gen. Scott, then Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States. "I was sent," says Gen. Keyes," by my chief to the President with a message that referred to a military subject, and led to a discussion. Finding that Mr. Lincoln's observations were beginning to tangle my arguments, I said: 'That is the opinion of Gen. Scott, and you know, Mr. President, he is a very able military man.' 'Well,' said the President, 'if he is as able a military man as he is unable as a politician, I give up.' This was said with an expression of the eye, which he turned on me, that was peculiar to him, and which signified a great deal. The astounding force of Mr. Lincoln's observation was not at all diminished by the fact that I had long suspected that my chief lacked something which is necessary to make a successful politician."

A GOOD DRAWING-PLASTER.

Among the numerous delegations which thronged Washington in the early part of the war, was one from New York, which urged very strenuously the sending of a fleet to the Southern cities—Charleston, Mobile and Savannah—with the object of drawing off the rebel army from Washington. Mr. Lincoln said the object reminded him of the case of a girl in New Salem, who was greatly troubled with a "singing" in her head. Various remedies were suggested by the neighbors, but nothing seemed to afford any relief. At last a man came along—"a common-sense sort of man," said he, inclining his head towards the gentlemen complimentarily—"who was asked to prescribe for the difficulty. After due inquiry and examination, he said the cure was very simple. 'What is it?' was the question. 'Make a plaster of psalm-tunes, and apply to her feet, and draw the singing down,' was the rejoinder."

THE "POINTS" OF A HORSE.

A gentleman once called upon the President in reference to a newly-invented gun, concerning which a committee had been appointed to make a report. The report was sent for, and when it came in was found to be of the most voluminous description. Mr. Lincoln glanced at it, and said: "I should want a new lease of life to read this through!" Throwing it down upon the table, he added: "Why can't a committee of this kind occasionally exhibit a grain of common-sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his points—not how many hairs there are in his tail."

"DON'T CROSS A RIVER BEFORE YOU GET TO IT."

One of Mr. Lincoln's Springfield neighbors, a clergyman, visiting Washington early in the Administration, asked the President what was to be his policy on the slavery question. "Well," said he, "I will answer by telling you a story. You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher? and you know Fox River and its freshets? Well, once, in the presence of Father B., a young itinerant was worrying about Fox River, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river. Father B. checked him in his gravest manner. Said he: 'My young brother, I have made it a rule of my life not to cross Fox River till I get to it!' And," added Mr. Lincoln, "I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I get to it."

A GOOD BRIDGE-BUILDER.

"Mr. Lincoln had his joke and his 'little story' over the disruption of the Democracy. He once knew, he said, a sound churchman, of the name of Brown, who was the member of a very sober and pious committee having in charge the erection of a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Several architects failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges, and could undoubtedly build that one. So Mr. Jones was called in. 'Can you build this bridge?' inquired the committee. 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'or any other. I could build a bridge to ——, if necessary.' The committee were shocked, and Brown felt called upon to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to—to—the infernal regions,

(Continued on seventh page.)

LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

BY THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

KINGSTON, GA., Nov. 3, 1864.

Another day is spent here, as Paymasters are busy among the troops. The weather is cold and disagreeable. Hood is reported on the Tennessee River, and Sherman is anxious to get started on his raid. Some of us were at the railroad office, and from the telegraph operator we learned we are to go to Atlanta as soon as the troops are paid; the railroad to be abandoned from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Atlanta to be destroyed, and we are to cut loose from communications and "go it alone." We are to swing across the country and "board ourselves," until we reach a salt-water base. Grand prospects.

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Friday, Nov. 4.—We are still at Kingston. Trains come up from Atlanta loaded with cannon, caissons, ammunition, etc. The cars are crowded with refugees, loaded with their bundles and boxes of household goods. Rome was evacuated to-day, and all troops have come here with their baggage and camp equipage packed ready for shipment back to Chattanooga. We feel certain that the railroad is to be abandoned, as everything of value is being brought up from Atlanta.

DESTITUTION OF REFUGEES.

It is a sad sight to see these refugee families who come in from every direction. Some families from Atlanta who came in to-day seem to be of its best people, and had all their household goods tumbled into stock cars and rode along with them—emigrant style—and they subsist on hard crackers and whatever was given them by the troops. Bushwhackers and guerrillas are about, and make a dash for a train at every opportunity.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—This morning it is clear and bright, and things have a better look. We are now all paid; what is to be done with us? Trains continue to come up from Atlanta loaded, and empty ones go down guarded with recruits.

This afternoon orders came to have all baggage cut down to campaign allowance, and all but one wagon to a regiment sent back to Chattanooga to be stored. Col. Pearce instructed me to go to Atlanta and attend to the baggage of our regiment. I got my blanket and haversack and went to the depot for a train; had no pass and had to make my way the best I could. With our crowd was Col. Van Tassell, of the 53d Ill., Capt. Watson and other officers.

We waited an hour for a train. Gen. Sherman was in the telegraph office walking backwards and forwards, and was very restless; he would dictate a dispatch to the operator, wait for an answer, and all the while the platform and rooms about were crowded with soldiers with hands full of greenbacks, from their late pay. The side tracks were filled with cars containing women, children crying, and pet animals, all waiting for trains to go up the road where it was cleared of obstructions. An empty train arrived bound for Atlanta, and we piled in.

BURNING OF CASSVILLE.

Followed by many other trains we sped on lively for half an hour, and came to Cassville, and found the town in flames—about 50 houses were on fire; clouds of smoke arose into the air, and the people were leaving in all directions; the cause of it was guerrillaism. This morning some guerrillas had displaced the rails nearby, and caused an engine to leave the track. The conductor then took the guards of the train and went to burning the houses, telling the people it was their fault for harboring these guerrillas, and exciting and aiding them to destroy the road.

As it became dark, we lit candles in the cars, and read papers, waiting for the misplaced engine to be put on the track. There were 19 empty trains ready to be moved. One guerrilla leader near here has 300 men under him, and they are damaging the road and plundering the trains at every opportunity. One of our scouts ran one of these guerrillas down yesterday; he called on him to surrender, but he refused, and the scout fired five shots at him, one of which was fatal. He took from the body two revolvers and $1,700 in greenbacks, which had no doubt been plundered from our men.

While waiting here, a woman came down to the train and abused us with all vehemence. She said we had burned her house, and she hoped we would all be killed. We started at last, went through Cartersville, and on to Allatoona. At this place a boy, a new recruit, came to the train, and asked what troops we were. "Hundred-days men," we said. He said he "had been out four months guarding bridges, and this was no place for 'hundred-day men' to be, and allowed we would earn our $500 bounty before we were through." After leaving Allatoona we lay down to sleep, and awoke, cold and sore, when we were near Atlanta. We moved on at daylight, and had the grand panorama of our old campaign ground spread around us.

The woods were open where camps had been, long lines of breastworks and skirmish-pits were left, showing where our boys had advanced inch by inch where they had gained one hill after another, until the final close lines around Atlanta were reached. Many graves and cannon-balls are scattered about, and many brave boys sleep there the little heaps of dirt are seen.

Arriving in town, we found confusion abounded; the depot and platform filled with Government stores waiting for transportation back to Chattanooga. Evacuation was in the air; the people were moving, and said the city was to be destroyed.

PREPARING FOR THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

I found our convalescent camp in the eastern part of the city, and all were glad to hear from the regiment. They had been having easy times since we left—about 300 of our brigade. I worked all day with our baggage, and have now got a wagon made up that will go along with us, and the rest to be shipped back. The last train leaves Atlanta next Wednesday, when the railroad is to be destroyed, and all stuff left here will be burned.

I took dinner with Lieut. Carver, of our regiment, who had been sick and was left here. He has been living at a house, and enjoyed all the comforts of a home. This house showed the effect of our shells from the siege. Five shells had passed through one room, and one burst in the room, and everything it contained was badly shattered. The lady of the house showed me where she was when it burst. She was holding her baby, and, strange to say, was not hurt, although clock, mantlepiece, bedstead, etc., were splintered wrecks. In the afternoon I was in the streets viewing the scenes about, which was movement of stores of all kinds. I am now writing in the depot, and this may be my last letter from Atlanta.

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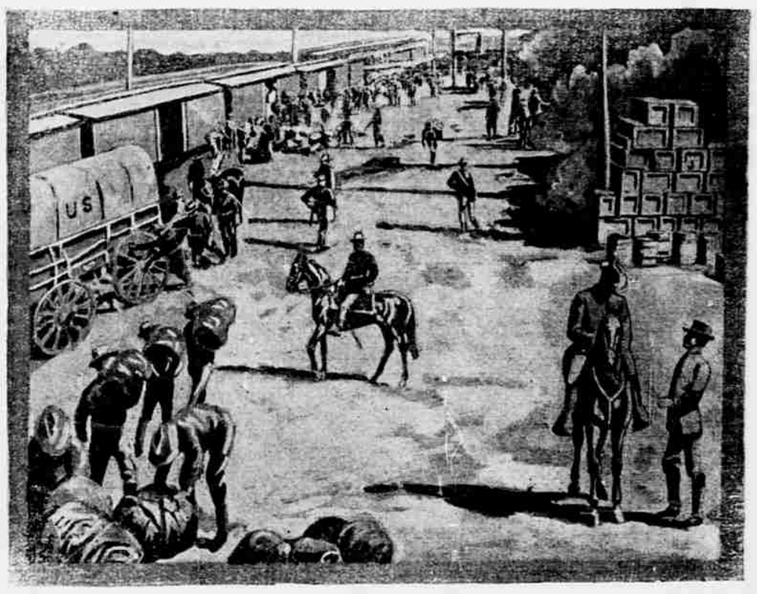
Nov. 9.—The scenes of the last few days are such as to be long remembered. Evacuation of the city still goes on. I remember how the people of Lexington, Ky., left the town in droves in August, 1862, when we evacuated that place, but here the scenes far exceed that exodus.

The evacuation of a city exhibits, more than anything else, them ournfulness and destructiveness of war. War is cruel, and seems to make people mad, and as one looks on at the destruction and waste of property, the breaking up of homes, and dispersion of families this conviction is strongly forced on one.

This morning we were awakened by the sound of guns, and jumped up, alarmed; it was the first sound of the like we had heard since Jonesboro.

The firing went on, and we soon learned an attack was being made by some rebs who were hovering about and trying to get into the city. Our detachment of 300 convalescents was ordered into the ditches, and each man had a gun. At 8 o'clock the attack ceased, and the force had been driven away by the Twentieth Corps, who hold lines about the city.



"THE SCENES AT THE DEPOT AND ABOUT THE RAILROAD ARE LIVELY."

The scenes at the depot and about the railroad are lively. Trains of freight cars are being loaded with military goods of all descriptions, and all that are of use for an army; railroad men busy making up trains; employees loading, and teamsters tumbling off more to be loaded. To this Government work add that of the citizens crowding in from all directions, all wanting transportation. Negroes with loads of furniture would tumble it off at any convenient place. The tops of the cars were filled with bundles, and negroes of every size, sex, and shade of color were crowding on cars already filled with people and their effects.

Soldiers have hard times, but I fear many of these refugee families will see still harder before they are again settled somewhere. Ladies with fine-looking daughters would attract the attention of our officers, who would assist them to as comfortable places as could be found in the trains. I saw pianos, bedsteads and fine furniture smashed to pieces and driven over by the crush of wagons; and thus the work went on all day.

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Nov. 12.—Having finished up my work at Atlanta, I have returned to our regiment by cars, and found it at Cartersville, and am writing this by the light of flaming buildings. Cartersville was burned, with a great amount of rations. Our whole corps was camped here, and every one was permitted to help himself to rations of all kinds. We move to Atlanta in the morning.

—

ATLANTA, GA., Tuesday Evening, Nov. 15, 1864.

I am not in Atlanta, as this letter is headed, but some place else on the march with Sherman's army. Maybe I am lying in my tent in the evening after a day's march, or perhaps I am at the root of a tree during the hour's halt for dinner. At any rate, it is wherever I find time that I will try and write down for you a kind of diary note of our doings, so that when or wherever I get a chance to mail it I will have something ready.

Sunday, Nov. 13, we pulled out and commenced our journey. It was a beautiful morning, and worth looking at the scene of the long line of troops and baggage wagons as they slowly moved over the winding roads, across the Etowah River, and on to Allatoona, six miles distant. Cartersville was blazing and huge volumes of smoke rising from it, and from the many camps where the soldiers had set fire to their quarters. An immense amount of rations, cooking utensils and camp equipage was left, and refugee families and negroes will find much that is needed. No one begrudged it to them, as they have suffered their share.

After crossing the river the troops took the railroad, and when fully stretched out on it were halted and set to work tearing up the track, burning the ties and twisting the rails. This work lasted all day; as fast as a regiment would tear up a portion of the track the length of itself, it would take arms and go on to another piece of track; and by evening our brigade had done its share, and worked up as far as Allatoona.

Here there were about 300 wounded rebel prisoners, who were left after the battle that took place a few weeks ago, when Hood tried to take the place. They were paroled, and country people were coming in from all around with wagons and carts to take them home and care for them.

After our hard Sunday's work, we set out and marched six miles to Ackworth for camp. Other troops had destroyed the railroad up to that point, and the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps had destroyed it up to Atlanta.

Monday we were on the march at daylight and traveled rapidly to Big-Shanty. Here I passed Col. Shane's grave. It is with many others of our division who had fallen at Kenesaw. I fixed up the headboard, which had been partially destroyed. We passed on over all the hard-fought wilderness battleground of the Kenesaw country, noting the spots where we had skirmished and fought, where we had eaten, slept, received mail or written letters or camped. There never was a section so much marked by trenches and fortifications. Cannon balls were lying around here and there, rusting in the wet and dry weather, and remnants of everything pertaining to war exist through these woods and fields.

We marched 21 miles that day and camped four miles from the Chattahoochee River. The next morning found us early on the way to Atlanta. Everywhere was smoking ruins. The railroad lay in long stretches, dotted with piles of burning ties and bent and twisted rails. The bridge over the Chattahoochee River was burnt; as was every railroad station and water tank.

We halted for dinner in the vicinity of Atlanta, which was almost obscured by smoke. We feared we would be too late to see the city as it was, but we passed in and found only the buildings in the vicinity of town on fire. Our brigade went into camp near that of our convalescents, and we were once more together, after an absence of 47 days. Preparations were at once made for a start in the morning on our great expedition. Where—we did not exactly know, and but little time was left to get ready. Clothing was all ready and issued right out to the men before supper; next was three days' rations, and then to collect our property for the march. Every one was overstocked with stuff, and would select that most needed and throw the rest away.

BURNING OF ATLANTA.

We worked until midnight fixing ourselves out; and it was this time that the grand scenes of the burning of the city were going on. It was one of the most terribly grand and yet sad sights that one could wish to look upon.

Early in the afternoon the flames commenced breaking out in the business part of the city. All the railroad buildings, depots, roundhouses and machine shops had been previously pounded down with battering-rams, so that these fine buildings were but piles of brick. The Front House, a hotel; nearly as large as the McClure House in Wheeling, was the first to take fire.

Several of us went to see the sights in the streets, which were crowded with soldiers, like a mob, or like any streets on the occasion of a fire. Only the mob was bent on plunder instead of saving property. The burning seemed to be done by irresponsible parties, as none could be seen setting fire to the houses; at any rate, the fire would burst out from rooms all around like magic. Government officers were at once in danger of losing their stores, as many had not got them loaded into the wagon-trains.

Measures were taken to stop the burning and guards stationed to prevent it, but the multitude was wild and uncontrollable;